CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Volume LVIII CHICAGO, DECEMBER 20, 1906 Number 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

At Chrystmasse Tyde

Two sorrie Thynges there be—
Ay, three—
A Neste from which the Fledglings have been taken,
A Lambe forsaken,
A Redde leaf from the Wilde Rose rudely shaken.

Of gladde Thynges there be more—
Ay, four—
A Larke above the olde Neste blythely singing,
A Wilde Rose clinging
In safety to a Rock, a Shepherde bringing
A Lambe, found, in his armes, and Chrystmasse Bells a-ringing.

Willis Boyd Allen.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1906 NUMBER 16

THE ETERNAL CHRISTMAS.

Christians, lo, the star appeareth;
Lo, 'tis yet Messiah's day;
Still with tribute treasure laden
Come the wise men on their way.

Where a life is spent in service
Walking where the Master trod,
There is scattered myrrh most fragrant
For the blessed Christ of God.

Whoso bears his brother's burden,
Whoso shares another's woe,
Brings his frankincense to Jesus
With the men of long ago.

When we soothe earth's weary children
Tending best the least of them,
'Tis the Lord himself we worship
Bringing gold to Bethlehem.

Christians, lo, the star appeareth
Leading still the ancient way;
Christians, onward with your treasure;
It is still Messiah's day.

JAMES A. BLAISDELL.

A Merry Christmas to All!

There is always a temptation at these times to appeal to the dictionary and to call upon philology to help out the moralist and the poet. The "Christ-mass" suggests the seriousness of the festival, and the word "Christian" is interpreted by the season rather than the season by the term. In this season it is natural to interpret the above words in terms of good fellowship and human helpfulness, but UNITY is never distressed over names, least of all at such times as these. It believes in the superlative quality of love, the virtue of the open mind as well as the open heart, the universality of conscience and the fundamental harmony of the major prophets of the race. Some will say, This is Christianity; others insist this is fundamentally Judaism; still others will call it Buddhism, Mohammedanism, or find its sanctities planted deep in the work and words of Zoroaster, Confucius or Sokrates; and because we believe all are right, we are indifferent as to the terms used. There is much danger of quarreling over words; there is little ground for differing about the thing. So we rejoice in the essence and will not go into the dictionary-making business. Language is not made. It grows. History alone fixes definitions.

So here is the old welcome:

A Merry Christmas to you All!

The interesting article in the *Literary Digest* of last week on "The Use of Both Hands" is curiously suggestive. Have the sword and the pen made us right-handed, and has the left arm grown less dexterous because it was early honored with the responsibility of carrying the shield because the heart was on the left side? Perhaps now that the greater menaces to the heart are not from the spear or the sword, the left hand may be reclaimed and taught to share with the right hand the benign work of the world, as the left hand of the musician and the typewriter already does. But we will not preach the sermon, but pass the text over to our ministerial readers.

The good word for skim milk, in the *Literary Digest* of December 15, is timely. No food products receive more unwarranted contempt than do skim milk and buttermilk. With the existing dietary of the poor and the rich, both buttermilk and skim milk are too valuable stuffs to be fed to pigs. Milk is said to be the only article of diet that contains all the elements required to nourish human life. Churning takes nothing out of the milk but the fat, which is found again in the butter. All the other food supplies are left in the pan or in the churn in conditions more available for the adult stomach to handle. Here is a business opening. There is money and comfort and strength in the coming milk saloon. It cannot be exploited without capital. One milk saloon would be an object of ridicule; a hundred in Chicago would soon die out; but a thousand milk saloons, at two cents a glass, with penny doughtnuts and other light refreshments at the same scale, would yield splendid profits on the investment and would soon call into existence two or three thousand more milk saloons in Chicago. Here is an opening for a millionaire who has at once an eye for business and a heart for humanity.

Marshall Field and Otto Young did not seem to have much to do with each other in life. It is a long way socially and it was supposed to be a long way in commercial ethics from "Marshall Field's" to "The Fair"; the former the favorite trading place of the *élite*, the latter the crowded resort of those who scramble for "bargains." But in life both where characterized by relentless and tireless pursuit of wealth and by a striking success in such pursuit, and the result of such pursuit seems to bring them to the same state of mind. Their wills are strangely alike. Both tried to defy the grave and to prolong their commercial ascendancy beyond death. The twenty millions of

Otto Young, like the eighty or more millions of Marshall Field, is practically tied up during the life of a generation of business men; withdrawn from all the humanities and benignities of the world; doomed to perpetuate itself with the ever-increasing momentum that belongs to invested capital. It will be twenty years at least before the twenty millions of money can be released from the dominant, exclusive and unpitying will of Otto Young. Then the vast sums will be poured out upon the survivors of the seven innocent grandchildren, that are doomed to face the ominous menace of great fortunes, in the creation and management of which they will have had no hand. In the meantime an indulgent public sentiment will be grateful for the few crumbs that have fallen from the table of Dives. Two hundred thousand dollars will be a welcome reënforcement to the Home for Incurables, one of the best managed and most benignant institutions in the city. Everything about it is commendable except its lamentable name. A few other asylums and hospitals have been remembered out of the income, but the essential bulk of the estate is still held in the dead hand that so successfully directed "The Fair" and its many attendant interests. These wills reveal a painful lack of imagination and a sorry distrust of human nature in its higher activities and benign endeavors.

The Congo State scandal has reached a most acute and, on that account, profound stage. In the United States certain commercial interests in the Congo are being openly exploited. Cardinal Gibbons comes unexpectedly to the defense of King Leopold. Charles Henrotin, the Belgian Consul in Chicago, is diligent either in denying the truth of the alleged horrors or in soothing the nerves with the assurance that they have been corrected and that they are no more. In the face of all this, the Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, of Boston, last Sunday evening in Sinai Temple, in Chicago, reasserted with the graphic enforcement of photograph and the tangible instruments of torture, the painful stories of horrible mutilation and unspeakable commercial and political slavery visited upon the most helpless natives of Africa by the most relentless speculator of European kings. This sharp contradiction as to fact between the Association represented by Rev. Herbert S. Johnson and Cardinal Gibbons—the sincerity of each cannot be doubted—ought to hasten such thorough investigation as to leave no doubt about the facts. The State Department at Washington has too long refused to become involved in this question of humanity. The administration, not wanting in the spirit of adventure or initiative, cannot excuse itself longer for non-activity here. Pacific measures are doubtless adequate to probe this matter to the bottom, but should there be diplomatic entanglements, commercial interests at stake, even belligerent threats, all the same the United States government has a right to demand the facts, to know the worst, and to publish the same. What are its much-exploited battleships for if they are to lie rusting in our ports while this far-off wail of agony from the most helpless ward of civilization goes uninvestigated? Here is an opportunity for newspaper enterprise, religious zeal and presidential prowess. It is a much more worthy newspaper enterprise to win to the heart of the Congo territory and give publicity to the conditions there than to discover the North Pole and confirm the report that an icy serenity condition exists there. Let the probe be applied and the facts known.

"Slumming" as a leisure class industry or as the means for acquiring material for a club paper or a sermon, or the quick way of obtaining an academic "thrill," has little to commend it, but as an active, heroic and effective element in sociological study it is not only commendable but indispensable. Rev. A. Lincoln Shute, pastor of the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, and the Sunday-school Superintendent spent some time of last Sunday evening at Alderman Kenna's (Hinkey Dink) saloon on Clark street, and the *Record-Herald* devotes a column and a half of space to the report of the visit, given by the pastor and superintendent to the evening congregation of their church. The rhetoric of the pastor was weakened by a too generous appeal to the mysterious and the supernatural. The plain, mundane, prosaic facts are lurid enough without exploiting the Dantean resources of hell and the devil. Nothing can be more wholesome as a sociological study, for preacher and alderman, mayor and his official staff, than a leisurely visit to any saloon in any densely crowded part of our city. Nothing need be said; nothing need be done; just sit down and watch the business for a whole hour at least; enter, if possible, into friendly intercourse with the habitues, and then come away with an enlightened estimate of the foolishness, the wastefulness, the wickedness and the uselessness of the whole plant. "Hinkey Dink's" saloon is not an exceptional one; it may be a little worse, but they are all bad. If the present conscience was only enlightened by the real facts, open to any man or woman who will go and see for themselves, the saloon as a legalized institution, as a social plant, doing business under police protection, would promptly cease to be. This is not saying that the consumption of distilled and fermented liquors would cease. That is another question, to be fought out further along. But these swill houses, authorized places of debauchery, the social drinking under unwholesome surroundings, would cease. If liquor is still to be regarded by intelligent men and women as having a place in the list of legitimate foods and drinks, let it be bought under such conditions as those under which bread and milk are bought—in portable packages and quantities and carried away and consumed at the risk and discretion of the individual, not to the menace and disgrace of the community. The saloon is bad, bad all the way through. It has no standing at the court of the intelligent. Vast areas of American life have

found it out and they are doing without it and they are doing exceedingly well without it. The longer they do without it the more surprised they are as to how they got along with it so long a time. The only political, religious and ethical thing to do for a saloon is to hit it, hit it hard, hit it all the time, and keep hitting it until it is out of existence.

Santa Claus' Gift to Chicago

By all odds the biggest Christmas gift that Santa Claus will bring the City of Chicago this year is the successful settlement of the vexed and long-drawn-out traction question. And the method in which it has finally been solved is a source of as much congratulation as the solution itself. After years of strategy on both sides, during which time the ablest lawyers and the most sagacious business men played at a game, each one trying to gain advantage over the other, each one concealing his own hand while trying to discover the cards held by the other. When wearied out with this fruitless attempt to gain speculative advantage on the one hand or the other, it was made an academic question, and they sought a scientific if not a business basis. When the companies allowed access to their own books and when the city became willing and anxious to pay full value for all property, present and prospective, really held by the companies, the solution became simply a matter of time, labor and ability. It was a question of analysis and complicated computation. So technical was the process that when the conclusion was reached, the most expert "business men," whose training consisted chiefly in making money, and the most subtle politicians, whose training is in the direction of strategy, were compelled to confess their inadequacy to criticize or improve. They were laymen in the presence of the expert engineers—Mr. Arnold, of Chicago, Professor Cooley, of the University of Michigan, and Mr. Dupont, of Detroit. By this solution, the right of the city to their own streets is thoroughly recognized. The method and the price by which they may come into full possession of existing street car lines is determined. Meanwhile, the existing companies can continue business, improve the service and make money to their hearts' content, being assured of a reasonable interest on their investment and 45 per cent of the net earnings, while the city receives 55 per cent.

More valuable than all the material advantage of this successful arrangement is the underlying principle achieved and the method which finally reached the settlement. Great credit is due Mayor Dunne and his assistants, in the council and out of it, in having, in the face of political intrigue, the well-meaning distrust and stolid opposition of business men and the equally troublesome well-meaning, clamorous persistence of impatient reformers, arrived at so sane and progressive a conclusion. In view of all the complications, the intelligent historian who writes the history of it will say not "Such a long time," but, "in such a short time" the end was achieved.

Among all the assistants who have contributed to this end, Walter L. Fisher, the special traction counsel of the Mayor, deserves the highest credit, and Mayor Dunne deserves highest honor for the courage that selected this independent, and, by the politicians of both parties, heartily hated head of the Municipal Voters' League, to help him.

There is yet much to do on both sides. The three companies that now divide the city must somehow be made one, so that the Chicago lines, instead of running down town, will run through town. The City of Chicago must find an official recognition inside the directory of such a company so that not only the city's interests will be safeguarded from the inside, but that the city's energy, patriotism and public spirit may always be felt in the management. But a city that has got this far is to go further.

Surely, Santa Claus has given Chicago a splendid Christmas gift!

Christmas and Books

After all the contriving and shopping, the hunting and guessing, the last resort of the Christmas buyer is a book. Santa Claus is getting to be more and more of a book man, and this is as it should be. What so fitting a gift as a book? What so permanent as a thought? Surely, printing is the art preservative.

Here as elsewhere the perplexity of Christmas shopping lies in the profusion and not in the meagerness of material. The left-overs on the Senior Editor's table illustrate this wealth.

At the head of the list is "My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East," by M. D. Conway (Houghton, Miffin, $3.00). Whatever faults there may be laid at the door of Moncure D. Conway as essayist, preacher, reformer, dullness is not one of his sins, and he can always be counted upon for an illuminating imagination, a keen sympathy with men and theories unpopular. He has indeed all his life been the prince of "heretics." Through two generations of literary life he has been the popular interpreter and advocate of the unpopular. This book is a charming aftermath of a busy life, a notable "appendix," extending over four hundred beautifully printed pages, to the readable two-volume autobiography so fresh in mind. These charming pages carry us from Cincinnati to Ceylon. San Francisco, Melbourne, Madras, Calcutta, Delhi, Bombay, and the intervening spaces are here visited by the ever alert observer, the man who in his own life passed through the zeal of a Methodist circuit rider into the larger world of universal sympathies and the faith and fellowship belonging thereto.

It would seem a far cry from M. D. Conway, the minister of free religion and beyond, to George A. Gordon, minister of the Old South Church in Boston, who still enjoys the confidence of the Congregational church which in New England still assumes the word

"Orthodox" as a synonym. But Mr. Gordon in his "Through Man to God" has traveled the road that in Conway's youth was the thorn road of the heretic, and his concluding chapter—"God All in All"—is saturated with that life and feeling which once wore the goblin name of "Transcendalism."

The Editor contrasts, both in form and substance, this attractive handful of new books from the American Unitarian Association Press, with the publications of the same Society which he used to carry in his Colporter pack forty years ago. Then it was James Freeman Clark's "Truths and Errors in Orthodoxy," Forrest on the Trinity, and Dr. Eliot's Lectures to Young Men and Lectures to Young Women. Now it is President Charles W. Eliot's "Four American Leaders" (80c.), *i. e.,* Franklin, Washington, Channing, Emerson, John W. Chadwick's "Cap'n Chadwick" (60c.), the story of the poet-preacher's own father, Robert Collyer's "Father Taylor" (80c.), David Starr Jordan's "Life's Enthusiasms" (80c.), and Burt Estes Howard's "The Shepherd's Question" (80c.).

We cannot speak too highly of these five little books, whether we consider the fascinating material or the attractive printing. In "Life's Enthusiasms" we have another Jordan "classic," just adapted to the young men and young women of the undergraduate age, who, in these days, are so torn by secondary enthusiasms and by ambitions that are not unworthy, but they are so inadequate that they become a waste. In Robert Collyer's picture of Father Taylor we find genius setting itself to the congenial task of interpreting genius. We are a little disappointed in finding no more new stories of the "quaint angel of the sailors," but the old stories are so charmingly told that it is altogether satisfying. John Chadwick's account of his father is a triumph in the other direction. Like his sermons, every page is packed with incident and every fact and every story is clearly set in time and place. This was the marvel, the miracle of John Chadwick—the power of compelling fact, concrete details, to serve great principles and flowing imagination.

B. W. Huebsch, of New York, is the publisher of many helps to study, the syllabi of the lectures by Edward Howard Griggs among others. The last of this kind to reach our hand is "Pathways to the Field of Art," a handbook to six lectures by Daniel A. Huebsch, Ph. D. In connection with the syllabus there is an annotated list of masterpieces of art and a list of art books which to the individual or classes who really mean to study gives, for 25 cents, all the guide-book helps needed, perhaps all they can safely use and still preserve the student's integrity and vitality.

From the same publisher comes a book that carries cheer not only to the art student but to the student of contemporary history and morals. It is the tidings of a new light in an old quarter. A few years ago Israel bloomed in America with freshness and vigor in a Jewish sweatshop in the poetry of Morris Rosenfels. Here are tidings of an art blossom out of the same grim but fertile soil—Ephraim Mose Lilien, the product of a Galician ghetto, an art interpreter of great originality and power, a co-laborer with Rosenfels. Indeed, of the many attractive plates which this book offers, none is more attractive than his illustration of Rosenfels' grewsome but powerful poem entitled, "Tears on the Iron." The tailor who leans over his cloth is screened by a spider's web where the spider is enjoying his victim. This little monograph, beautifully printed and bound in boards (75c.), awakens our expectations in art in Zionism and justifies the faith in the perennial power of Israel.

"Every Day Living," by Annie Payson Call (F. A. Stokes, New York), is a book of timely discussions of homely subjects and will justify Santa Claus in putting it into the stocking of many a man and woman who think they are burdened with duties and crowded with obligations, when the simple truth is that their lives are distraught for want of sense to apply the law of perspective. Such people will be helped by this book to see how many things are not worth doing and how many things can be omitted out of the program, to the great advantage of everybody.

The New Church Educational Association of Elkhart, Ind., has brought out in an attractive volume an old lecture on "Morality and the Perfect Life" (cloth, 50c.), by Henry James, the elder, father of Henry James, the novelist, and William James, the psychologist, who was a notable interpreter of the message of Emanuel Swedenborg.

We are glad that there are still publishers like James H. West who dare give unknown authors and makers of books that will not sell a show. We will not pretend to say that we have mastered Charles Kirkland Wheeler's "Hundredth Century Philosophy," recently issued from the press of Mr. West, but we are glad that there is a man who has thought out, to his own clearness at least, the subtle problems of life, the mysteries of evolution and the fundamental significance of the words "reality," "activity," "energy," "consciousness," and so on, and we hope there are those who will do what we have not time to do—follow this dialogue between the "Inquirer" and the "Oracle" to its finish.

"Susanne," by Lillyan Shaffner (Monarch Book Company, Chicago), is a novel which represents the recklessness of an amateur, for the prudence of experience would probably save the author from the dangerous attempt to put living men, women and movements into a novel and give local setting to the plot. The time has not yet come when the Hull-House and Miss Addams and associate work and workers can be put into a novel with impunity. Time alone will give the perspective necessary to a just estimate and appreciation of these benign and prophetic forces. But whatever literary defects and impossible situations may be discovered in these pages (and there are many of them), we detect between the lines a heart that has been moved by the suffering of the world and an insight that discovers the immaterial nature of the greater pains and the intangible remedies that alone will minister to the same. The author is thinking on

vital lines. We are glad this book is out of the author's way that there may be time and room for more thought on the same subjects and, we trust, more mature conclusions and more balanced estimates in forthcoming products from her pen.

If the jolly "Santa" runs short of nonsense, of course Gelett Burgess, Oliver Herford and their associates, with the assistance of the Paul Elder Company, can always help him out. "Are You a Bromide?" by Gelett Burgess, "The Cynic's Calendar for 1907," and "101 Mexican Dishes," by Mae E. Southworth, are the inimitable output of this publishing house, left on our table. The earthquake wiped out the San Francisco plant, but the genius and energy remain intact and are now doing business on what it is hoped is a more "solid foundation" in New York City.

The Great Guest Comes

Before the Cathedral in grandeur rose,
At Ingleburg where the Danube goes;
Before its forest of silver spires
Went airily up to the clouds and fires;
Before the oak had ready a beam,
While yet the arch was stone and dream—
There where the altar was later laid,
Conrad the cobbler piled his trade.

Doubled all day on his busy bench,
Hard at his cobbling for master and hench,
He pounded away at a brisk rat-tat,
Shearing and shaping with pull and pat,
Hide well hammered and pegs sent home,
Till the shoe was fit for the Pope of Rome.
And he sang as the threads went to and fro:
"Whether 'tis hidden or whether it show,
Let the work be sound, for the Lord will know."

Tall was the cobbler, and gray and thin,
And a full moon shone where the hair had been.
His eyes peered out, intent and afar,
As looking beyond the things that are.
He walked as one who is done with fear,
Knowing at last that God is near.
Only the half of him cobbled with shoes:
The rest was away for the heavenly news.
Indeed, so thin was the mystic screen
That parted the Unseen from the Seen,
You could not tell, from the cobbler's theme,
If his dream were truth or his truth were dream.

It happened one day at the year's white end,
Two neighbors called on their old-time friend;
And they found the shop, so meager and mean,
Made gay with a hundred boughs of green.
Conrad was stitching with face ashine,
But suddenly stopped as he twitched a twine:
"Old friends, good news! At dawn today,
As the cocks were scaring the night away,
The Lord appeared in a dream to me,
And said, 'I am coming your Guest to be!'
I have been busy with feet astir,
Strewing the floor with branches of fir.

The wall is washed and the shelf is shined,
And over the rafter the holly twined.
He comes today! and the table is spread
With milk and honey and wheaten bread."

His friends went home; and his face grew still
As he watched for the shadow across the sill.
He lived all the moments o'er and o'er,
When the Lord should enter the lowly door—
The knock, the call, the latch pulled up,
The lighted face, the offered cup.
He would wash the feet where the spikes had been;
He would kiss the hands where the nails went in;
And then at the last would sit with him
And break the bread as the day grew dim.

While the cobbler mused there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by the driving rain.
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.
A bundle of faggots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and rack.
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she took her way on the weary road.
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild,
In the big, dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms,
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest.
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
"Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
Did You forget that this was the day?"
Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street!"

—*Edwin Markham.*

A Christmas in Ceylon

On my arrival in Ceylon a delegation of young Brahmans and Buddhists had invited me to give a public lecture on Christmas day, and I consented. I had with me a comparative study of the birth legends of Jesus and Sakyamuni, of which modifications were suggested by my experience in Ceylon. The lecture was appointed for the afternoon, and I passed the morning in the great Colombo temple. There, in a series of ancient frescoes, the Earthward Pilgrimage of Buddha is told. The earth blossoms when he is born, all gems in the earth send up flames, and from afar Wise Men (not angels) come to foretell peace and good will of man to man. In another picture the babe is seen walking, and every step brings forth a lotos flower. The legendary sign of Christ's birth is a star; that of Buddha's birth a flower.

A wondrous Christmas day for me! The Brahmans and Buddhists had united to make my lecture a grand event; canopies had been raised over a large open space; a platform had been made for leading natives, and benches for the crowd, which was large, the lecture being gratuitous. All had come in fine raiment —many-colored robes, jeweled turbans—and nothing European to mar the effect. Around us were no walls but palms and flowers.

Was it a dream? How had I got there? Was I in any sense the same as that Methodist youth who thirty-two years before had left his home beside the Rappahannock to preach Methodism?

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About twenty-five were present, a third of them being priests, others Pali scholars and young students. They were all Buddhists except the friend who came with me, he being, however, a sympathetic student of Buddhist literature. I was conducted to a chair in front of the chief priest, who sat on a circular platform, with a table before him, on which lay his ancient palm-leaf books. We were sheltered from the glowing sky, but no walls were around us. The palm trees rustled in the breeze, the birds sang their matins, the breath of flowers and blossoming trees interfused incense of the fresh day with thoughts that, after two thousand years, had power to blossom out of their palm leaves and send forth an odor sweeter than laurel or lotos. Sumangala in his orange garment smiled on us all as he took his place. Opening one of the three

Pitakas, written before 250 B. C., he read in a clear sweet voice Buddha's plea for free thought—then never translated into English and to me new. At certain parts he was moved, his voice tended to intone, and his eyes rose glowing upon as, as if demanding homage for sublime ideas. I obtained a careful version of the passage as read, and it is here given slightly abbreviated:

Buddha came to Bihar. There certain princes welcomed him, telling him whence they came. They said: "Various priests and Brahmans pass through our towns and preach their own doctrines, speaking ill of the doctrines of others. Each set is followed by another, who tell us what was preached before them is not true, saying, 'Listen to us!' They who go into and they who come from the wilderness meet here. Thus our mind is unsettled; we do not know what to believe." Buddha said: "That is but natural. Now hear what I have to say! Accept not the doctrines that are mere hearsay—what somebody says another is preaching. No doctrine is to be accepted because believed by one's father or grandfather. Sometimes a clever man clothes a doctrine in fine language. Not because a doctrine is thus decorated is it to be believed.

* * * * * * * *

"If a man purifies his mind of covetousness, he will enjoy happiness. If a man destroys all hatred, he will enjoy happiness. If a man have wisdom, he will enjoy all happiness. Now ye have judged for yourselves. He who covets not, who hates not, is the disciple of Buddha. God will come to him; he will be enlightened; he will love all beings. He will be merciful, he will be happy in others' happiness. He will not hate one and love another, but be equal toward all. His friendship, mercifulness, shall go forth to all. His equanimity shall be boundless. In this life he will obtain fearlessness in four things: He may say, 'If there be another world, and if ill or well affects it, I shall be happy. If there be no other world, I have harmed none and benefited others, and am happy. If after death only the wicked suffer, I have done no evil, and need not fear. If there be no punishment for the wicked, I am secure.'" Buddha said to the princes: "Are these doctrines good or bad?" They replied: "They are good, better than any taught us before," and they became his disciples.

So ended the reading from the Sutta, and for a few moments there was silence. Mr. Ramanathan whispered to me: "Is it not strange that you and I, come from far different religions and regions, should together listen to a sermon from Buddha in favor of that free thought, that independence of traditional and fashionable doctrines, which is still the vital principle of human development?" "Yes," I said, "and we, with the princes, pronounce his doctrines good." To me, indeed, it was thrilling that from a past of seventy generations should come this voice summoning man to rest his faith on his own reason, and trust his life for eternity to virtues rooted in his own consciousness.—*Moncure D. Conway, in "My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East."*

Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead: nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—*Longfellow.*

A Carol With a Caution

The things we do at Christmas are touched with a certain grain of extravagance, as beautiful in some of its aspects as the extravagance of nature in June.

It is the children's carnival, the midsummer of charity to the poor, the spring-tide of good-will to men; the time of the year when heaven opens, and the angels come down and sing to sailors on the ocean, to old-country folks in the lone reaches of new colonies, to people in hospitals, poor-houses, and mansions, and "the huts where poor men lie"; the time when the atmosphere is just right for clear-burning fires, and it would be something of a shame for the wind to send the smoke down any chimney as it does a week before or after; when there is a goodly smell abroad, as if the frankincense the wise men brought on a day long ago, to temper the taint of a stable, had got into this whole world of ours, as a trailing cloud of the odors of spiced bread; when the poorest platters and mugs take a touch of fine recklessness by reason of the thoughtfulness of those who have bread enough and to spare; when the Christmas-tree groans all radiant and fruitful, as no other tree does which blooms through the year; for it bears at least twelve manner of fruit, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.

I would not, therefore, insult Christmas by underdoing it. The man who then does most for his fellowmen, according to his means, does best. We can give the tramp who comes to our back door a royal cup of coffee Christmas morning, with a good grace, though we have to see that he does not run off with the spoon. (Our people in that case, I notice, use pewter.) They are wide pages the angel opens in the book of life at Christmas; and when we do our best, we cannot do it quicker than he can write it down.

Still I think it is not hard to see how we may spare, even at the Christmas-tide, and yet do more and better than if we spend.

If a man spends the money he ought to save to pay his debts, when he knows very well he can only pay his debts by saving, he may give what he buys, right and left with an open hand, and it will be to his own shame.

I have never digested one of the best suppers I ever sat down to in my life, though it is years since I ate it, because, as it came out after, my host owed for it at the store, and the debt was never paid. I don't want any more of those suppers. There are millions of dollars spent every Christmas, of other men's money. Not a penny ought to be laid out in gifts one can well let alone. Men who do that get drunk on their generosity, though they never taste of wine; and, if they are men of conscience, the headache and heartache of getting sober will be none the less for their motive in getting drunk.

We should never spend when we ought to spare, especially if we have families. One of the saddest things I have struck in my life has been the sight of families left destitute, through a certain easy-going generosity in the man out of whose life they sprang, who would have everything of the best, trusting to his luck to come out all right; who would spare nothing at Christmas-time, or any other time, so that he might have things handsome, while he did not lay up a dollar for a rainy day or for that instant peril of death which dogs all our footsteps between the cradle and the grave. Saving is so slow to such men, and so hard! But they do not remember that a hundred dollars a year, paid to a sound life insurance company, on a healthy life of a certain age, is five thousand dollars if the stroke comes a day after the investment, and that

the premium on ten thousand dollars, or even twenty thousand dollars, may be only the savings from cigars, or "nips," or rides they need not take, or a score of things beside men and women can manage to dispense with just as well as not, including the over-extravagance of the Christmas carnival.

I can say this for myself, that from the day when I got as much insurance as made me feel sure that, whatever might happen, my old neighbors and friends would never have to say, "Poor fellow! he was too generous with his money: let us pass 'round the hat for his family," the poison for me has been taken out of the sting of death. "O death! where is thy sting?" the apostle cries. I answer, that to a well-bred man of our serious, home-loving race, it is more surely in that intolerable pain he feels when he kisses his wife and children the last time, and knows he has made no provision for their future, than it is in any possible fear of what death may do to him. And I should not take much stock in that man who would not close instantly with the proposal of a decent competence for the wife and children, in exchange for the open gates of heaven, and the angels waiting with a crown, if he had the chance.

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out," the sad old Hebrew cries. I answer, Surely, surely, if you mean mere *things;* but somewhere within me, when I go away, I carry the account of what I have done to fend for those I leave behind me, and save them from the bitter pangs of poverty, by my forethought, self-denial, and clear grit, from the day when I took a maid from her mother, and said, "Trust me to take care of you, whatever comes, to be a house-bond to you and the children God may give us"; yes, even by pushing back Christmas, if we have to do it, and letting the bairns rise to find empty stockings these hard times. Better empty stockings today than the bitter, bare winter of poverty if I should be taken from them. I can easily imagine how a man would be glad to exchange his golden harp and crown, if he could, for good 6 per cent stock, if he should find himself in heaven—supposing a man could go there, when, through his own carelessness, he has left a wife and family of little children without a penny in the world.—*Robert Collyer, from "The Simple Truth."*

The Growing Chautauqua

One sign of the times is the Chautauquas which are held at nearly every county seat in the west for ten days each summer. The Chautauqua is a very modern factor in education, and surpasses in importance the old-time New England Lyceum which Emerson said changed the intellectual and theological complexion of the country.

The Lyceum was a free pulpit, where men of every creed and faith came and made their plea. Before the Lyceum days, all respectable people went to church, but members of one church did not go to other churches. At the Lyceum they heard the other side for the first time, and bigotry had to bow its head.

The parent of the present Chautauqua was a Methodist campmeeting, where men and women took to the woods with religion as an excuse. John H. Vincent saw that people in the bush needed intellectual work, just as Cassiodorus of old saw that monks needed manual training. So a plan of study was devised—history, literature, art,—and the merry Methodists went grubbing; the idea spread, other denominations came in—even Episcopaleans and Catholics were asked to speak to the Chautauquans. Other Chautauquas sprang up and crowds came willing to pay for the privilege of hearing men speak who had a message. "Do not tone it down," said the manager to me at Fort Smith—"these people represent every denomination and are not afraid of radicalism." The Chautauqua now is a free platform, where a man may speak heresy and not be hissed, rather he is applauded, for the people are hungry for the truth and the husks of theology are no longer called for on the menu.

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The Chautauqua puts its patrons in the presence of the best speakers in the country: La Follette, Lentz, Conwell, Hillis, Gunsaulus, Hobson. Incidentally and accidentally, now and then a Chautauqua manager loads his gun with mush—mistakes his audience—and banks on a male quartette that introduces Class B, bumble-bee music, and teases and tries the audience while they wait to hear a Man.

* * * * *

An orator is a man with a message. If he has no message he has no right to take up the time of good people.—*Elbert Hubbard, in Philistine for October, 1906.*

The Christmas Spirit and Modern Philanthropy

BY EUGENE T. LIES, GENERAL DISTRICT SECRETARY CHICAGO BUREAU OF CHARITIES.

"Peace on earth, good will to men." This essentially is the ideal toward which modern philanthropy is headed. To bring to rational fruition, to universalize, to make perennial the Christmas spirit in its conscious goal. Its disciples, in mingling with lowly and unfortunate humanity, are forced to the conclusion that there are many unnecessary and unnatural differences between men and between their estates; that these differences tend to the injury of both social classes, the ill-favored and the well-favored, and consequently to the injury of the community at large. They see then that their work lies in making efforts to reduce these differences, while at the very same time emphasizing the likenesses between men. The desire to reveal the one class to the other in their true values is the controling passion of these toilers among the poor, and it is in the social settlements and in the charity organization societies that we find most of them.

There the conviction is strong that in order "to do" for the poor we must *know* the poor, know them on many sides. Granted that I have a feeling of sympathy for misfortune, what turn shall I let it take? Is it to evaporate and probably merely leave behind a state of discomfort? Is it going to stop at the giving of material goods to satisfy hunger and clothe nakedness? Or perchance, will I let it trouble me sufficiently to lead me first, to want to know how "the other half" lives, then to want to have a hand in the efforts being made to improve the lot of the "other half" and to change the obviously bad conditions under which it lives? These questionings the settlement and charity organization workers are trying ever to provoke in the minds of those who make up the well-favored "half."

To those who are "down" and to those who are valiantly struggling against odds the aim is to show the light and to ease the unnecessarily hard way. To

NOTE: Through inadvertance, our article entitled "Theology from the Standpoint of Functional Psychology," by Edward S. Ames, Ph. D., was printed in this paper by the courtesy of the *American Journal of Theology*, in which it was originally published, and due acknowledgment was not given. We are glad to make this apology and acknowledge our obligations.

carry those able to walk, however, is not part of the program.

To both "halves" then the door of opportunity is opened. Those who cross its threshold find ere long that amid all the differences between men one thing is counted the same by the impartial observer, and that one thing is character. On this ground it is possible for all, rich and poor, to stand equal. In the last analysis it can be said that one of the great contributions of the modern charity worker to progressive social reform work is the offering of this means for the promotion of character in the poor and in the well-to-do. And eventually "peace and good will toward all men" necessarily must flow out of such effort.

It may be profitable to consider a little more in what way organized charity, so often misunderstood, enters into this effort. Its point of contact is the individual family in some form of distress, and its attitude is one of genuine concern as to that family's future welfare. To do anything effective in bringing about that welfare it finds it necessary to learn, first, as to how things came to be as they are. This means inquiry, but while that is in progress any real suffering existing must be stilled. The facts sympathetically gained, the remedy needed must be looked for and applied. Then steps in "the other half" in the shape first of a committee of high minded persons to whom the story is told and who give of themselves thought, experience, sympathy, in an effort to solve the problem of wise, genuine helpfulness. Secondly, there are brought into the scheme the needed coöperating agencies, like the nurse and doctor, to attend to the physical wants of the father, probably, because without health he cannot fulfill his duty of support; like the truant officer, to see that the children of the family are kept in school, for without education their successful future is discounted and they become a public menace; like the clergyman, to bring spiritual counsel and encouragement. These helpers now join hands in the common purpose to restore that family to independence, by way of health, education and moral and spiritual guidance. There may be need of long continued attention to this one family group, especially if there be present elements of viciousness, in which case the aim is to bring in touch with the family a wise, patient person to stand by them in their trying difficulties until the difficulties are solved, and a while longer.

Thus do all concerned learn of one another: the poor that there is love and true concern for those in trouble where they thought least to find these qualities; the others that there is nobility often even under a crude exterior, and that the poor man's condition of life is not seldom due to another's, probably society's fault. There is likely to follow the consciousness of guilt on the part of the fortunate for the miseries of the unfortunate. And the charity worker's happiness increases.

This continuous exercise of the true Christmas spirit, day after day, through the years, on the part of organized charity leads inevitably to the discovery that much poverty and suffering are cruelly unnecessary, and that they exist oftentimes because of man's inhumanity to man and man's thoughtlessness toward man. When this evidence is strong there follows agitation and corrective legislation. Tenement house reform, war on the white plague and on child labor, the playground movement and other similar activities aimed at wiping out large causes of poverty and suffering, what are they but direct outgrowths of that kind of philanthropic endeavor which seeks to really know the poor and to find effective remedies for the troubles of the poor?

This sort of concern developing in our business men and in our legislators, as we see it developing, may surely be accepted as a token of the active presence of the true Christmas spirit in the affairs of every day life.

THE STUDY TABLE

"Anchors of the Soul"

BY BROOKE HERFORD.

"Anchors of the Soul" is by the Rev. Brooke Herford, a noted Unitarian minister. A short but complete biographical sketch by Philip H. Wickstead and twenty-one of Brooke Herford's sermons make up the book. The first and greatest of these sermons, "Anchors of the Soul," gives the title, and well deserves to do so.

Brooke Herford was born in England February 21, 1830. His father was a merchant and intended him for the counting room, but his call to the ministry was so clear a call that at twenty-one we find him settled over a parish and a married man. After twenty-four years of work and achievement he came to Chicago in 1875, and from that time on for fifteen years he belonged to the American Unitarian Fellowship. Entering heart and soul into life at Chicago, and afterward at the Arlington Street Church in Boston, his history is one of beautiful and satisfying service. Among the noteworthy things done in Chicago was his successful establishing of a Saturday half-holiday. Later, at the Arlington Street, where one service a day was the rule, he opened his doors for a Vesper Service, with excellent music and a ten-minute sermon.

Sunday after Sunday from eight to twelve hundred worshippers filled the church. In the summer of '91 he received the degree of D. D. from Harvard University, where he was already appointed as preacher. He also inaugurated a series of services conducted jointly by all denominations, Phillips Brooks taking his place among the rest. His biographer says of him: "Generous, open-handed and open-hearted, with a noble simplicity and frugality, he was able to share with those around him, or with the veriest stranger, those simple supports and adornments of life, which were all he cared to win. His choice throughout was for the things that are real and abiding, and he cared not what came of the shows and conventional requirements of life." "A preacher who is a poet and a man of business," was the verdict of a shrewd observer. And after all, the world has a strange respect for those who will not fawn upon it, and it gives them of its best. So the world brought its tribute, at last, to this man who would not sue for its favor.

A remarkable characteristic of these sermons is the lack of ecclesiastical or denominational taint or flavor. They are for all denominations and all time. We read:

"He never would have it that any serious drift of scientific thought threatened the fundamental matters of faith. His piety had a childlike simplicity and directness about it, on which philosophical subtleties could not get so much as a bite, and for this reason his devoutness was never a plant that needed a sheltered atmosphere, and the protection of hallowed associations. It was a primal emotion, robust, and rejoicing in the open air. It could live and reveal itself, unembarrassed in the press of social or even of political life. His aspirations and his devotion could express themselves in the midst of merriment as well as sorrow. They required no preface nor skil-

fully constructed transition, but rose spontaneously in the midst of breezy laughter, as easily as in the solemn moments of what we call the deeper life. The deeps are never far, even from the surface, of a true life."

I love the opening paragraph of the book, which commences the sermon "Anchors of the Soul."

"There is the crisis of that great story of Paul's voyage and shipwreck. Holding by their anchors and wishing for the day, all through the dark night, hearing the great waves break with a dull roar upon the unknown coast, and feeling the blow of heavy seas upon the vessel's side, and counting the slow hours and wondering if possibly those anchors would hold till daylight. Then he speaks of the 'anchors of the soul,' saying, 'I want you to mark this, that it is the holding fast of the soul that really matters most, even in what we are apt to think of as mere bodily dangers.' To Paul, watching there the long night through, with death howling in the wind, it mattered far more that the anchors of his soul hold firmly than that those other anchors keep the vessel from drifting on the rocks. Later we read : 'And so it is that we need, as we sail the changing seas of life, strong anchors, anchors of thought, of motive, of deep, immovable conviction and faith, that may reach down to the very foundation of things, to that which is the very rock of enduring fact and being, which abides beneath the strain and storm.'

"And first among these anchors, Brooke Herford says: 'I hold love, simply human love. I do not say it is the strongest, or grips the deepest; but it is mostly about the first that holds. It does not matter what the strain is—danger, or pain, or toil, or sin—if you only love some one very dearly, enough to lift you out of thinking of yourself, what an anchor it is, how it helps you to hold on.' And again he says, 'Put out that anchor of love.'"

Another anchor, the second, he names as the moral reality, the right of things, when you reach that "what is right" you are down on the very foundation of the universe; so in great danger or sorrow, we may have a sense of the thing being right, and holding only to that. And a third anchor named is the sense of the spiritual side of the Universe, of the immortal soul and of the eternal God.

"The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point."

I think that sense of the soul's life, as something that cannot die, is a still greater help in the strain of temptation. And then the culminating sense of the infinite, patient love of God. There are times when love fails us, times when the sense of right does not come in, then if there has been any earnest Christian faith, there comes the sense of the great, mighty Providence, enfolding all—the sense of God.

I said, "I love the opening paragraph of the book," and I love the last, which is—

"Dear friends, take these thoughts about the voyage we all are making across these unknown seas of life. Today we rest a little, like Paul, when the south wind blew softly, and our faces are fanned by the gentle breeze of prayer, and the light of God rests on our hearts. But tomorrow we must press on again, and who can tell when the strain may come, and we be holding by our anchors, and waiting for the day."

As preëminent among the other sermons I should name "The Goodness Possible in Unlikely Places;" "Gaining Life by Losing It," "Day Unto Day," the latter particularly helpful and beautiful, and the last "On Making the Most of Sunday."

I presume there is many a minister extant today who might do worse than to read one of these sermons each Sunday for two years, and comment upon it, as the Spirit directed him, only taking care that the comment was reverently made.

Beverly, Mass. KATE RESTIEAUX.

Notes.

From Little, Brown & Co. I get that delightful book "Literary By Paths in Old England," by Henry C. Shelley. Merely as a book to handle lovingly and look over joyously, this is the best in the pile. It is a capital piece of book making, in paper, in illustration, and in type. By the way, the pictures are all from photographs taken by the author himself. And when you come to the literary part you find yourself strolling, strolling, strolling. There is not a whistle of a steam engine in the whole book. You are in the footsteps of Spenser, then at the home of Sir Phillip Sidney; at the meeting house of William Penn; at Gilbert White's Selborne; studying Goldsmith's Deserted Vilage; rambling with Burns in Ayrshire; visiting with Keats and Reynolds; tracking Carlyle from his birth house to his grave; enjoying yourself with Tom Hood—'tis just the book for a literary man who longs for a literary picnic; an out-dooring with his old friends of the library. In the Preface the author tells us that the field foot-path is one of the chief charms of the English country side. It is not always the most direct route from point to point, but it avoids the dusty high roads, leads through verdant meadows and fields of golden grain, or amid the recesses of sheltering wood lands. It is something of this sort, in a literary way, that the book is designed to furnish us. The author, however, gives us a considerable amount of very fresh information about Keats, Hood and Carlyle.

The publishers are already beginning to tickle the Christmas "spirit." The early fruit of the Christmas tree is finding its way into the market. Dodd, Mead & Co. have made the most of the two slender little skits of Paul Leicester Ford, "A Warning to Lovers" and "Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander" ($1.50). Here are dainty borders, sumptuous paper, ornate covers. "Polly and the Aunt" (Houghton-Mifflin, 75c), shows us a real "Polly" at two, three, five and six years of age, and a none the less real "Aunt"; a charming bit of child lore told in a charming manner and prettily printed. Mrs. Sara A. Hubbard, Chicago's honored champion of cheerfulness, whose "Catch Words" of previous years have been so popular, this year has ventured to preach a sermon on "The Religion of Cheerfulness" out of her own heart. The publishers (A. C. McClurg & Co., 75c) have done all that could be expected of them to save the sermon from the inevitable fate of the sermon, which goes to its execution when it goes to press. Few sermons survive the rollers. But this is a very pretty little book, containing a much needed sermon, preached by one who has a right to speak; one who exemplifies the gospel she advocates.

From J. B. Lippincott Co. I get a thoroughly cute volume, entitled "Verbeck's Book of Bears." We are told on the first page that "this book is not dedicated to the hunter, Roosevelt, the foxy Roberts, the Chameleon, Thompson-Seton, the untamed London, or even Uncle Remus Harris, but I am sorely tempted to dedicate it to the poetical, fantastic, idealistic painter of animals, F. S. Church, to whom I long ago dedicated my reverent appreciation." One of the best of books for country boys and city boys who ought to be in the country.

You cannot do better to encourage yourself, during these days of political and social struggle, than by reading a volume by T. Baron Russell, entitled "A Hundred Years Hence, or The Expectations of an Optimist." It is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago. I would quote from it, only one would have to quote the whole of it. I believe most sincerely that we have come to a time when progress in moral life and social life will move forward with greatly accelerated activity. Get this book and compare notes.

Our noble friend, Dr. C. T. Stockwell, gives us a fourth edition of that remarkable book, "The Evolution of Immortality," published by James H. West Co., of Boston. I gave good notice of this book when it was first given to the public, and all I have to say now is that you cannot spend a dollar to better advantage in the book market than to buy the fourth edition. After all is said and done on this subject of immortality, we come back to what Paul says, that in God we live and have our being. The key of it all is, are we moving forward with God, or are we finished up and ready to be put away in some heavenly sarcophagus? If we are finished, why what is the end of us (it)?

From Macmillan Co. I am in receipt of Edward Everett Hale's "Tarry at Home Travels." This volume has for its chief value that Mr. Hale is himself in every page of it. I do not mean that he talks about himself all the time, or at any time talks too much about himself, but that the book is autobiographical in spirit, and largely so in matter of fact. Dr. Hale has made a thoroughly interesting volume of that which he has himself lived through and seen. The illustrations of the book are not the least important part of it. I like his gossipy way of talking about men and things very much.

From Funk & Wagnalls I get an interesting little book by Mabel Wagnalls, which she calls "Miserere." It is one of the most delicious little books I have read for some time. From the same house I have a volume entitled "Under Pontius Pilate." These books that serve up some of the juices of a supposed inspired book must do it very carefully to make the volume even interesting. I rather think this volume is a little more than interesting.

In this pile of books I have not found one more delightful, more charming in style, or one that more ought to have been written than the last volume of Myrtle Reed, called "A Spinner in the Sun," and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It really is a most charming book of decided value.

From the Nunc Licet Press I get a charming volume, "The Balanced Life," by Clarence Lathbury. I cannot say in my short space just what I would like to say about this admirable book. It brings us right to the heart of Nature, and it says capital things on every page. It does a good deal better than this, for the author happens to understand Nature, and human nature, from the evolution standpoint, and does not divorce the body from the soul in his conception of human progress and purity. E. P. POWELL.

Is, then, religion on the decline? If literature is a test, this query must be negatived. To cite only a few symptoms, let us remember that both in Europe and America the religious novel—on a high plane—has found a new vocabulary and speaks to a large and thoughtful audience. Technical theology is popularizing its discoveries and inviting the cultured classes to its confidences. The reception of Harnack's lectures, of Delitzsch's Babel revelations, of Bousset's and Gunkel's pamphlets, is an indication of the trend of the day. On the other hand, the growth of such movements as Christian Science is mightily portentous. There seems to be no lack of predisposition to give ear to modern religion's message. Why, then, this curious defection of young men of strength from the ministry? Is it due to faulty organization of the Church?—*E. G. Hirsch in the Reformed Advocate.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Christmas and The Congress

In so far as the name of the Congress enunciates and exemplifies the great spiritual truth of the unselfish fellowship, the universal brotherhood sheltered by the divine fatherhood—that spiritual dynamic for which this organization exists—it comes nearer being a synonym for the word Christmas than any other name or title of which we are aware. The Christmas is a pagan institution, permeated and shot through with the "Light that lighteneth every man"; and the sweetest message of its divine harmonies is the "Peace on earth, good will to all men," than which nothing could be more accurately attuned to the Chorus of Fellowship lifted by men of all creeds and covenants as they stand united in hearts and hands on the platform of the Congress of Religion. Unfortunately the Christian church has not attuned its hymns and psalms of praise to this universal chorus. Unfortunately the Christian church has not been a place where Catholic and Protestant, Jew and "Christian," could meet on common ground, confessing their common needs and kinship and singing the angel song of "Peace and good will" to the infinite Father of universal love. It surely seems to us true that he who pours forth his heart's song of peace and good will, who pours out his life in unselfish ministry nor ever counts the cost, who gives himself in uncalculated service to his brother men, who welcomes with glad acclaim every one who claims kinship with the infinite Father—no matter what the cast of his creed or the color of his skin—he it is who is the messenger of the glad tidings of the Christmas day; he it is who belongs to the company of the Wise Men of whom our poet speaks elsewhere in this issue; and he it is who truly enunciates and exemplifies the supreme truth, the very keynote, of the chorus of faith lifted by the many voices of the Congress of Religion.

Whatever may have been the failures in the past to achieve this ideal, we are sure nothing less than this is the goal of the Congress movement. In spite of the protest of some conscientious brethren that a "true Christian" cannot hold fellowship with Catholics and Jews, who "do not accept the deity of Jesus," it seems to us true on the one hand that Christ himself warned against the judgment of the self-righteous Pharisee who was unconscious of the beam in his own eye, and gave as the only test, "By their fruits ye shall know them"; on the other hand, it seems manifest that Plato and Socrates, as well as Abraham and Isaiah, were Christians, and that the Christ spirit, the spirit of "the lamb slain from the foundation of the world," did not begin its ministrations at Bethlehem, but did rather inspire Confucius and Zoroaster, Buddha and Mohammed, and many other children of the Father with whom He walked and talked. How does the pagan Seneca but utter in other form the word of the Christ that is to be:

> "God is nigh thee, he is with thee, he is within thee. Thus tell I thee, Lucilius: a sacred spirit is resident in us, an observer and guardian, both of what is good and what is evil in us, and in like manner as we use him so he useth us. There is no good man but hath a god within him."—*Seneca Letters, Chap. 2.*

Can we but awake to the message of the Christmastide; can we but arouse to the impulse and the power, the saving and the redeeming power of the man who lives that he may love, who finds his divinest joy in the most unselfish ministry, who follows in the foot-

steps of those who give themselves for the least of these their brethren; then we can sing, with Longfellow, in heartfelt praise:

"Anew we pledge ourselves to thee
To follow where thy truth shall lead;
Afloat upon its boundless sea,
Who sails with God is safe indeed!"

C. A. O.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The States and the Nation.

The event of the week in domestic circles at least was the address of Secretary Root and the projected message of the President, favoring an increase in Federal authority and a consequent limitation of states rights. The discussion of the San Francisco school question and the Japs, in the President's annual message, awakened more discussion and criticism than any other utterance of the Executive, and chiefly because of its bearing on this matter of the centralization of power in the Federal government. The problem is, of course, a large one and cannot be disposed of in a brief paragraph, but it is certainly of tremendous importance and will have an increasing share in political discussions. Every effort to deal with the trusts, the labor problems and child labor reforms, the naturalization laws, the pure food and other hygenic ideals, the problems of marriage and divorce, the various questions affecting the commercial and civic and social well-being of all the people, makes manifest the relative impotence of the individual state, the suicidal policy of "states rights," the absolute necessity of a Federal enactment that will at least secure uniform laws throughout the nation. It is, of course, true there are two sides to this question, and the "cause of the people" will be championed by those who fear the "growing despotism" of the Executive. It may be true that "Democracy has never been tried in this country" for the political bosses are largely autocrats; and there may be dangers on the side of the centralization of power, but the great battle to be fought out in this nation in the near future is the contest suggested by two words, "socialism" and "monopoly." It seems to us Secretary Root has pointed the true pathway between either extreme.

The Des Moines Conference.

Thirty-three delegates from twelve different states attended a conference in Des Moines, Iowa, about a week ago, called to promote the movement for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people. The conference was called by Governor Cummins, under a resolution adopted by the Iowa Legislature. The members of the conference were evidently convinced that the Senate would never consent to its own undoing in this way, and therefore adopted a resolution which states their preference that Congress itself should take the initiative, but yet recommends that the legislatures of the several states petition Congress, under article 4 of the constitution, to call a convention for the purpose of proposing amendments to the constitution. A committee was also appointed to carry on the campaign. On five occasions between 1893 and 1902 the National House has passed the appropriate resolution for the submission of this proposed amendment to the several states, by much more than the requisite two-thirds, but the Senate has always blocked the way. Apparently the tide of popular sentiment is fast rising and it may be that the prospective battel between President Roosevelt and the Senate may be the occasion at least of such a general demand that even the royal autocracy of the United States Senate may bend to the voice of the people. The mills of God grind slowly—but they grind!

France and the Vatican.

Nothing of importance has been added to the history of the contest between France and the Vatican during the past week, but the conviction grows that the cycle which began with the migration of the Huguenots has come to an end, and a new era is at the dawning. The words of Cardinal Gibbons in behalf of the church to which he belongs have been soberly weighed, for his character commands respect, but we doubt if Protestants have been convinced. The simple fact is the government of France has calmly, deliberately, generously, set about the separation of church and state and Americans have too much love for religious tolerance, too little faith in a religion propagated by law, to see anything but wisdom and justice in the movement.

How Business Men Feel.

The resolution which Senator Cullom has introduced into the Senate, by request of the Business Men's League of Chicago, contemplating a constitutional amendment to extend the administration of the President to six years and make him ineligible for reelection, has something in its favor. Undoubtedly the four-year period is unfortunate from a business standpoint. The commercial interests of the country are always deeply concerned in a presidential election, and the fear of change is often a most serious phase of the matter. The cost in time and money is no small matter also and four years is too short a time for great achievements to reach fruition—but is the "one term only" plan necessary and wise?

The Press and the President.

It is interesting to note the comments of the press on the president's message as they are carefully compiled by our valued exchange, *The Literary Digest*. In general the periodicals of Republican proclivities are distinctly complimentary in their comments, while the Democratic press finds relatively little in the message not originally advocated by the Democrats. The New York *World* asserts there has been "no such obliteration of party lines in American politics for three-quarters of a century," and that "if Mr. Roosevelt would advocate tariff revision and if Mr. Bryan would stop advocating government ownership of railroads they would be in substantial accord." It is generally recognized on both sides of the water that the message disregards precedents, is addressed to the people as much as to Congress, and calls for "more power for the Federal arm." The independent press is curiously divided on the question as to whether the message is conservative or radical, both judgments being frequently recorded, and sometimes by the same paper, as the Boston *Herald* states: "A fine example of restrained radicalism and progressive conservatism."

The Salton Sea.

The Colorado River, swollen by recent floods, burst over the new one-million-dollar dam, only finished two months ago, and the city of Imperial, with thousands of acres of the best farming land in this fertile valley, is in danger of being covered with an inland sea 100 or more feet in depth. At present writing it seems likely the efforts to close the breach will prove successful and $2,500,000 worth of property will be saved, but the danger is still a menacing one and the future uncertain. The Southern Pacific railroad has about 200 miles of trackage in the area of this great basin in southeastern California, which the waters threaten to overwhelm.

End of the Coal Famine.

Thanks to the Interstate Commerce Commission the railroads have promised to rush carloads of coal to the northwest, where the blizzard rages and the coal pile is almost exhausted. Ever since the stories of the famine reported in the Rocky mountain states about Thanksgiving time there has been a scarcity of coal in some sections of the west, and on more than one occasion towns have "held up" coal trains to keep from freezing. It is alleged this is due to a connivance of the railroads with the coal trust—an attempt to make capital out of misfortune and coin dollars for rich corporations while some fellows suffer for necessities of life. The whole matter must have influence on the question of the coal lands which, it has been proposed, the government could and should operate in the interest of the people. How many and intricate are these problems on which the "social" reformer can speak with reason and justice!

The "Manana" of Justice.

A passage in the president's message which is receiving deserved approval is the protest against the technical appeals and retrials at law, which not simply postpone justice until "tomorrow," but usually result in the greatest injustice. It has almost come to be true that a poor man who cannot afford the delays and retrials of the ordinary court has literally found the same "a place where *injustice* is administered." Nothing will more effectually prevent the reign of peace and the abolition of mob violence than the present method of legal procedure.

C. A. O.

The Watch Tower in our issue of last week was prepared by Mr. T. D. Bacon, whose initials were accidently omitted from the page.—EDITOR.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—In some mysterious way, as the centuries have rolled by, the Golden Rule has grown in the under-consciousness of men.

MON.—We know that something in our souls is seeking for the great harmony of life and we know that though we cannot hear it, the harmony is there.

TUES.—Service is the coin in which humanity's greatest debts are paid.

WED.—It is our duty to our suffering fellows to so change the social system that the idler will have to serve.

THURS.—Service brings to man happiness that rises above comfort or discomfort, happiness that triumphs over physical pain, happiness that is the food of the soul.

FRI.—Only by giving play to the instinct of growth in his being which impels him to help his fellows may a man work out the divine purpose within him.

SAT.—Human life can grow only through human partnership.

—*From The Partnership of Society, by Wm. Allen White, in The American Magazine.*

Christmas in Sweden

They tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory lay on his mother's knee,
Before the Prophet-princes came, bringing gifts in hand,
The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand;

The gentle, patient donkey and the ox that trod the corn
Knelt down beside the manger, and knew that Christ was born.
And so *they say in Sweden,* at twelve, each Christmas night,
The dumb beasts kneel to worship and see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care,
They give them Christmas greetings, and dainty Christmas fare;
The cat and dog sup gaily, *and a sheaf of golden corn*
Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn!

We do not live in Sweden, but we can feed the birds,
And make dumb creatures happy by kindly deeds and words.
No animal so humble, no creeping worm so small,
But that the God who made us has made and loves them all!
If we to them are cruel, like Christ we cannot be!
And this shall be our lesson from our dear Christmas tree!

The Whispering of the Yule Trees

The road above winds in and out through the beech woods, but if you leave this beaten track and peer here and there on the one side, you discover the ancient hills, some round and perfect, others long and irregular, but always crowned with the old beech trees that seem to have stood there for ages. Peering thus, one day in the late autumn, I came upon a glen the beauty of which stole my heart away. Up the rough sides clambered the yule trees, big and little, dark and rich, and higher than these was hung the tinted foliage of the beeches, with their peculiar droop, like a mother sheltering her brood, while over all the autumn sun shed its mellow light. Far below a white roadway passed the hills to the old mill, and up this road on a Christmas eve will come the farmer's lads and lasses for their yule trees, and many a tree will find its way into the town, a mile or more away. While I stole into the shadow of the forest, thinking of these things, I heard their whispering as the wind stirred among their branches. This is what I heard: Here a small tree, the very least among the trees, says, "Last year a little child in a blue hood put its arms about me and with a kiss said, 'You are too little, but next year you will be big enough,' only she went away to heaven ere the spring began—maybe someone else will want me."

Another says, "I am promised to the farmer lad with the brown eyes who has been planning all year how best to fill me for the little sisters and the mother, who is a widow."

One says, "I am to grace the church where the Christ-child will be born anew in the manger; where the songs will be of him and where 'love and goodwill' will be the theme." Ah, many a beautiful tree and many a branch will make glad the house wherein the Master dwelleth!

Here, frightened by the stir of the leaves upon the ground, scurries a rabbit, and there goes another—they have been huddled close in this little brown nest at the foot of one of the tallest trees. When the snow flies they will have to look out lest the hunters with their dogs track them to their death.

But list to the whisperings going on about me! "I am to stand in the grand hall of a rich man's home, where the brilliant lights will make my heavily laden branches more beautiful still, while the rich fruitage I cannot hold lies heaped at my feet. There will be music and merry games and glad shouts of the treasured darlings of the home when my gifts are given. I will stand forgotten by and by, bereft of all I held, or be thrown out, to the delight of the street urchin, who will be glad for my dismembered branches, while he pretends a late Christmas for himself."

"I am to be a branch in a block, to stand by a little cripple's bed in the same town, but apart from the rich man's home. I have already my blueberries for nature's fruitage, but am to have a little packet besides to gladden the heart of the child who cannot walk. I am to stop long, long after the Christmas day has passed, to be an ever-present reminder of the sweetness and love that came into that little home where Christ dwells." "I am to go where there are so many, many children, in a home where the day is always kept, where though the gifts are few the love is very great; where I will be welcomed with shouts of joy and loved because I am the symbol of the loving gift the Father sent when the Christ-child came to earth."

All the whispers were loving and sweet, whether they were to go or stay, whether the place in which they were to be were rich or poor, and I thought that it was because this is ever the time of "love and goodwill." Just as I was leaving a soft feathery branch of the darkest green touched my cheek and whispered softly, "I have not spoken before, but I am to be, ere the snow is gone, a tender token of living green in the hands of a loving son to lay upon the casket lid of an old, old man, whom he loves."

So I came out of the lovely glen where the yule trees grow and thoughtfully took my way homeward. 'Twas good to have been in the forest, and to have heard the low, sweet whisperings of the trees as the wind touched their branches and gave them speech. I am too old to long for a tree on my Christmas eve, but if I am passing down the street the day before Christmas (as I was last), and a door opens and a little lassie calls after the big brother with the sled, "Let there be berries upon it, John!" why, I'll know where he is going.—*Helen Kern, in Christian Work.*

The Spirit of the Gift

'Tis not the weight of jewel or plate,
Or the fondle of silk and fur;
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich
As the gifts of the wise ones were;
And we are not told whose gift was gold,
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

PEACE EFFORTS; PRACTICAL AND PROPHETIC.—I am working very hard, with but poor results yet, writes Mme. degli Asinelli. I knocked at new doors in Switzerland, expecting to receive something over one thousand francs;—the post brought me ten francs, a rather dismal result. However, I have taken up my pen again and am trying in different quarters. Meanwhile some very beautiful old wheels have been given to us again, few in number, but of the very best; sixteen in all, which have left in three different voyages. This time we hope no damage will occur "en route." Emily Hobhouse seems cheerful; she too has her many hard disappointments, and she too goes on steadily, knowing that with unfailing toil we must succeed. Here is an extract from her last letter, dated from Johannesburg, September 29:

"We are literally on the eve of our move from Langlaate to Bellevue (Johannesburg); I think I gave you my reasons, or some of them, for this removal of the entire establishment. We had outgrown Langlaagte premises, we had not water, and the railage, etc., was an unnecessary extra. Our new quarters are not ideal, but certainly an improvement. Today Mrs. Gœtzsche shews the girls how to take all their looms to pieces and pack them; we are glad of this opportunity. It is no small matter to move and house the finished articles which are accumulating for the Pretoria exhibition, in late October.

". . . An interesting incident this week has been the return of Hester Strauss from far distant Pietersburg. She has been teaching spinning there for eight months and is now on her way back to Philippolis, where she intends helping Marion Rowntree in the work of organizing spinning outside the school. They were anxious to keep her longer, but the tremendous heat there was more than she could stand; Letty Botha is going to take her place and will bring with her ten more Swiss wheels. Hester has taught over thirty women and girls. In this back veld country the people are *very* poverty-stricken, no food, no clothes, and have never learnt any handiwork. Consequently they turn out far less than the more advanced people of the South, but the discipline is admirable for them, and already she detects improvement. The best spinner there is a widow with six children to support; when it was seen that her superior yarn got a higher price the effect on the other spinners was magical.

"There, in the Zoutpantsberg, my idea is that the industry will develop entirely as a cotton industry. Cotton grows wild and the cultivated kinds are beginning to be much planted by the farmers; it is pleasant to spin, requiring no washing, and to our joy, we have also found out, no carding. Hester came and taught me to spin it; it was particularly nice to turn around and learn from one's own pupil."

That is all, continues Mme. degli Asinelli, but to us this is full of promise, for this new branch added to our wool industries means a new source of prosperity to the country. Miss Hobhouse's aim is to use the products of the land, and we hardly dare to hope that cotton could be included, for, as yet, we never heard of the plant being even known among the Boers. Truly, it is an "unknown country." Until now the farmers had enough to do with their flocks; now that ruin has fallen to their share, they are trying to cultivate the soil and to plant trees of other colonies. In time many new discoveries will thus be made; Miss Hobhouse's industries must be like a God-send to them.

. . . . . .

This, the third Sunday in December, is the day set apart by common consent for observance as International Peace Sunday. The Chicago Peace Society being rather in a state of suspended animation, it is to be feared that few of Chicago's six hundred and odd pastors were aware of the desired observance of the day. There are signs of a coming resuscitation of the local peace society, however. At a meeting called last Thursday by one live member, Mr. Gerrit Pon, the few who responded held earnest consultation as to ways and means of bringing this resuscitation to pass.

The American Peace Society, having suggested, in its November issue of the Advocate of Peace, the observance of some other Sunday during the beautiful Christmas season, if for any reason the third Sunday of the month were not available, it was decided to send a brief note to the ministers of Chicago, and to the newspapers, suggesting that the message of "Peace on earth, good-will to men," which would naturally be proclaimed in some form next Sunday, might well include reference to the rapidly growing and many-sided movement for the promotion of universal peace.

The Rev. Ernest A. Bell, whose devoted labors as a missionary and rescue worker in the worst districts of our city are well known to those who interest themselves in social conditions, wished that somehow the peace societies might broaden the scope of their efforts so as to include industrial and social peace, and not merely military and naval disarmament and the avoidance of wars of conquest between nations. When no war is actually in progress, he said, the great mass of the people are indifferent to the work of the Peace Society and its message gets no adequate hearing, but a Peace Society that should concern itself with the no less crying need for peace in matters that daily touch our lives, would find support and a hearing all the time.

Is there not something prophetic in this suggestion? Is it not another rending of the "seamless robe" to attempt, or to imagine that it is possible, to do away with war, even in its old form, while class hatred and industrial and commercial rivalry are growing ever more bitter and more intense?

America has long been a leader in the peace movement, which it has guided and inspired in many ways. It is a source of no little gratification that this has been signally recognized by the unanimous decision of the Norwegian Parliament last year to award the Nobel peace prize to our lamented Secretary Hay—an award that was prevented only by his untimely death—and again by the recent award of the same prize for this year to President Roosevelt.

Our rejoicings over the honor thus conferred upon the President are justly intensified by the broad and generous spirit in which he has accepted it, not as a personal honor but as a tribute to the nation he represents, and by the eminently timely and far-reaching use to which he will devote the nearly $40,000 of the award. There is again the prophetic note, and another hint for the peace societies, in the President's proposed organization of a permanent Industrial Peace Commission as reported in the daily press. Nor are there wanting other signs of the drift of present thinking.

This summer saw a new departure on the part of the American Peace Society in the form of an auxiliary to be known as the Labor Committee. This committee, made up of well-known labor leaders and active members of the Peace Society, was one direct result of the appointment of an international committee at the Lucerne Peace Congress to investigate the practicability of closer relations between the peace societies and organized labor. So far the efforts of this Labor Committee have been mainly directed to securing the passage by various labor conventions of strong resolutions urging the limitation of armaments and the adoption of a general arbitration treaty as topics for the consideration of the coming Hague Conference. Why may not the opportune existence of this Labor Committee lead at no distant day to some such extension

of the scope of the American Peace Society and its branches, as has been hinted at above? M. E. H.

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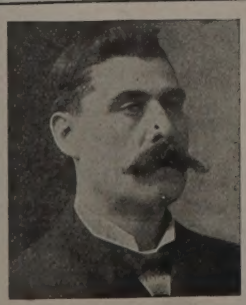

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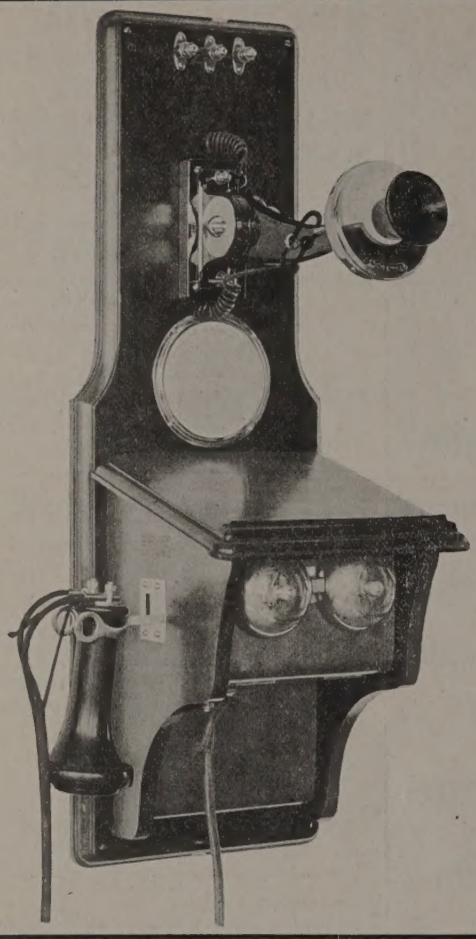

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